

SELECT VARIETY.

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MONROE STREET, Wheeling Va., is now receiving
the stock of FINE and WOODEN IMPORTATIONS, for Jobbing
and Retail, from the best manufacturers of our
country, carefully selected expressly for the
JOBBING TRADE.
 Of the best fabrics and colors, to which he-
 lectically selects the EXHIBITION from his old customers
 at Country Merchants.
 CLOTHING and Dress Goods in part of the best makers,
 and of the usual variety of colors both Foreign and
 Domestic.
 ASSASSIN, in plain black and doekain, as well as of a
 great variety of the choicest fancy colors:
 TATINETTES—Black, Blue, Steel, mixed, Green and
 Red, and all the most complete assortment also
 Tweeds and Cy. Jeans.
 FUR COATINGS—Of colored blankets, pilot and beaver
 cloth and all the new goods in variety.
 REVERTS—A very large stock of the best makers of fash-

HUMAN LIFE

Where do they live? What are they moving through of human beings? This woman covered with rags and filth, with a sick child in her arms, so sad and hopelessly miserable, does not live anywhere in particular. Last night her home was in an open cart in Canal street. When the rain descended so oppressively she sought refuge in a narrow alleyway. She was miserably cold, miserably hungry, miserably alone. Crosby street. Where she will sleep tonight, she knows no more than you. If her little

And he orders to be at home in the burying place for a yard's Island.

That wretched Ruffian's home is in a loft over a stable. He don't know any of his fellow lodgers except the one he met at Blackwell's Island, and he has a mother and a sister. Last night he had a penny to a woman whose child was moaning for a piece of bread; that furnished the first ease of comfort he has seen for a month.

That news-boy lives in Water street. He pays rent for a room on the fifth floor. And they have a brother who is a washerman, and goes to washing, and so they live in comfort, until the father comes home to find a case to abuse his wife, and drink up the little balance she has saved to give him on returning.

That man with the hairy upper lip, and the general air of a musician, has a parlor in a general neighborhood. Fine engravings adorn the walls, and some little dirt defiles the handsome carpet. In his stew pan he stews his meal, boils his

swer lip. "He keeps bachelor's hall, is independent and lonesome, a good deal envied, and a good deal wondered about.

"That is the boarding-house. He drinks, smokes, and gets into trouble, and for the elegant crockery pays several dollars more a week, although it does not always make the chicken tender or the beef sweet. He discusses the morning news with heartless acquaintances, and gets on well enough until he falls sick. We must not contemplate that contentment.

"That clean looking youth lives within his means. Inside the circle of his salary, he gratifies all essential wants, takes pleasure in denying the fictitious needs, and the balance of cash saved he lays up for a rainy day. At his present hour, when the weather is so disagreeable and miserable, it would almost be a luxury to be 'comfortably sick' a week, for the sake of experiencing their kin' attentions, and for the refreshment that comes with convalescence.

Yonder snug citizen lives in a house of his own.

He would be the happiest man in Gotham; he has always voted as a good citizen would vote, but he has no other ambition, and he would like to be nominated for alderman, and the risk of getting into disreputable company affects him unmercifully.

The rest of these—the majority at least—are strangers, stopping at the hotels. We wish them all of a sovereign's pleasure, and in the season, when the city is full of them, we wish them all of one of a happy arrival at home.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

MUSIC A STIMULANT TO MENTAL EXERCISE.—Alfred, often before he wrote, prepared his mind by listening to music. 'Almost all my tragedies were sketched in my mind, either in the act of hearing music or a few hours after,—a circumstance which has been recorded of many others. Lord Bacon and musical notes were inseparable companions.' Milton listened to his organ for his solemn inspirations; and music was even necessary to Warburton. The symphonies which awoke in the poets

the voice of the great critic in the visions of his theoretical mysteries. A celebrated French preacher, Bourdalon or Massillon, was once found playing in the violin, to screw his mind up to the pitch necessary to his sermons which, with a short interval, he had to preach before the Court. Curran's favorite mode of meditation was with his violin in his hand, for hours together would he forget himself, running voluntaries over the strings, while his imagination, collecting its tones, was opening all his faculties for the coming serenity at the altar.—*Dante Sacconi on the Literary Characters.*

CHINESE IMAGERY.—"I was travelling," says Mr. Blazee, "in a diligence. At the place where we changed horses I saw a good-looking pedagogue, which came to me and said, 'Give me upon something.' " "Give him a sir," said the postilion to me, "and you will see what he will do with it."—I threw to him the coin; he picked it up, ran to